Will proue as bitter, blacke and tragicall,
Withdraw thee wretched *Margret*, who comes heere?

Enter the Queene, and the Dutches of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my young Princes, ah my tender babes,
My vnblowne flower, new appearing sweets,
If yet your gentle soules flie in the aire,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer about me with your airie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentations.

Qu. Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right,
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night,

Qu. Wilt thou O God flie from such gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrailes of the Wolfe?
When didst thou sleepe when such a deed was done?

Qu, Mar. When holy *Mary* died, and my sweete son.

Dut. Blinde sight, dead life, poore mortall liuing Ghost,
Woes sceane, worlds shame, graues due by life vsurpt,
Rest their vnrest on *Englands* lawfull earth,
Vnlawfull made drunke with innocents blood.

Qu. O that thou wouldst as well afford a graue,
As thou canst yeeld a melancholly seat,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere:
O who hath any cause to mourne but I?

Dut. So many miseries haue craz'd my voyce
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumbe,
Edward plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Qu, Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of signiorie,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If sorrow can admit society,
Tell ouer your woes againe by vewing mine:
I had an *Edward* till a *Richard* kild him.
I had a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill him.
Thou hadst an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadst a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.

Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou didst kill him:
I had a *Rutland* too, and thou holpst to kill him:

Qu Mar. Thou hadst a *Clarence* too, till *Richard* kild him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,
A hell-

A hell-hound that doth hun
That Dogge that had his te
To worry lambes, and lap th
That foule defacer of Gods h
Thy wombe let loose to cha
O vpright, iust, an true disp
How do I thanke thee, for th
Preyes on the issue of his mo
And make her pue-fellow wi

Dut. O, *Harries* wife, triu
God witnesse with me I hau

Qu, Mar. Beare with me I a
And now I cloie me with b
Thy *Edward* he is dead, that
Thy other *Edward* dead, to c
Yong *Yorke*, he is but boote,
Match not the high perfectio
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that
And the beholders of this tra
The adulterate *Hastings*, *Ri*
Vntimely smothered in their
Richard yet liues, hels blacke
Onely reserued their factor t
And send them thither, but
Ensues his pitteous, and vnp
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fien
To haue him suddenly conue
Cancell his bonds of life dear
That I may liue to say the D

Qu. O thou didst prophesie
That I should wish for thee t
That bottel'd spider, that foul

Qu Mar. I call thee then v
I call thee then poore shadd
The presentation of but-wha
The flattering index of a dir
One heau'd a high, to be hurle
A mother onely, mockt with
A dreame of which thou wer